

## THE NEW PLAYS

### "The Fair Circassian" Has More Color Than Charm

By CHARLES DARNTON

IF BRITONS never will be slaves they don't mind having one around the house, provided she is pretty and patters about in bare feet and luminous pantaloons. Indeed, they are willing to stretch a traditional point and make her one of the family. At any rate, we got this notion from Gladys Unger's play, "The Fair Circassian," which filled us with mild surprise last night at the Republic Theatre.

It seemed a good idea, so far as that goes, for the English to get a little color in their lives, especially at a time when they were quietly called Franks by a gorgeous Persian Prince and his ornate entourage. This happened, you should know, in 1819, when King George IV. was holding down the throne, and as the Shah of Persia was anxious to get on his good side he sent over an ambassador with a few trifling presents such as horses and Zora, the beautiful slave girl, plucked up at a bargain in Constantinople. He tried his best to crowd in an elephant, but it couldn't be managed. However, there was a black smudge almost as big as one, so we couldn't complain.

Zora came in a huge jar like an early Christmas present, offering a suggestion to wives who would like to give their husbands something they'd really appreciate. Being shipped in this way naturally cramped her style a bit, but after lumbering up she proved to be in good form and started right in giving an exhibition of her points as a household pet. At first she thought she could love the Prince, and he agreed with her, but when he mentioned he was under contract to deliver her to the King she took a sudden dislike to him and made herself most agreeable to Lord Ottery's son, the Hon. Claude Faulconhurst, no less.

One glance at Claude was enough to convince any one there would be no romance of the East in the West, for Claude looked anything but romantic. It didn't seem possible Zora could see anything in him after being used to a showy fellow like the Prince, even though she promised to marry him and Claude's delighted father gave his consent. And sure enough, the moment Zora heard that the wicked old astrologer, Moussa Beg, was putting up a job on the Prince to have him killed when he got back home for failing to carry out the London programme, she seemed to hear the call of the East. Meanwhile Claude hadn't done himself any good by urging the simple girl to wear stockings and skirts. She liked to feel free and easy, and when the King was reported mad and therefore out of the social whirl, Zora danced for the Prince Regent. Noticing he was interested, she asked him to call on her the next afternoon at a certain house. When he got there His Royal Highness was peeved to find himself in the Persian Ambassador's house, but Zora got around him and had him sign a letter to the Shah saying the Prince had done everything expected of him. Grateful to the lovely slave for having saved his life, the Prince thereupon declared he would be only too happy to marry her—a pleasing and sensible arrangement.

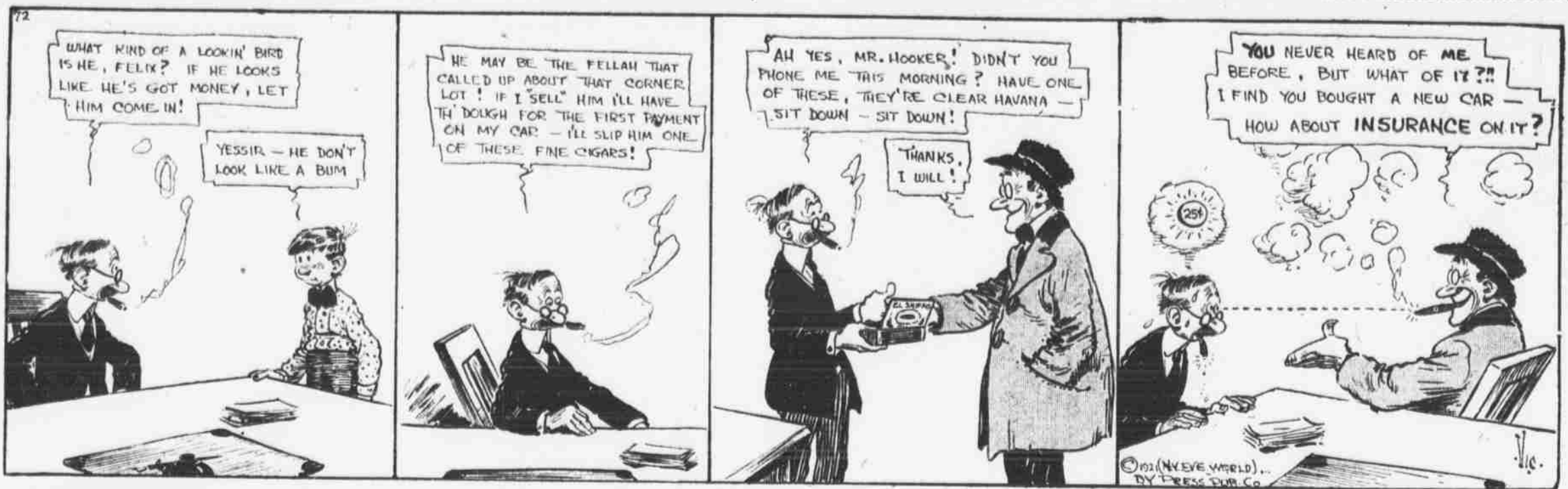
There was more color than charm in the play, thanks to the picturesque costumes. But as a comedy of con-

trasts it had its entertaining moments in the course of Persian comments on English customs. At such times Miss Unger proved her ability to be both pertinent and impudent with a delightful sense of humor.

Margaret Mower disguised herself as the Circassian with a red wig that recalled childhood's happy days at the sideshow. She was graceful and sinuous, but so intent upon posturing that she sometimes forgot her accent. Claude King carried off the role of the Prince with a fine air, Eshlin Gayer gave distinction and ironic humor to the representative of the English Foreign Office, and Ethel Dane flattered about amusingly as Lady Ottery.

But in spite of good performances "The Fair Circassian" seemed little more than a clever masquerade.

## JOE'S CAR



## Felix, You're Fired!

## THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY



## LITTLE MARY MIXUP



## KATINKA



## Otherwise She'd Seem Odd!

## Screenings by DON ALLEN.

**ALL HYPED UP.**  
The gigantic costume factory erected to turn out the costumes for "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" has shed its cobwebs and machines are humming for the new Rex Ingram production, "The Prisoner of Zenda."

R. B. Watson is in charge, with scores of tailors and tailoresses making the needle whiz. The entire outfit is spurred on dully by Ingram's slogan:

"Quick! Watson, the needle!"

**ANOTHER GRADUATE.**

Check up another Mack Bennett bathing beauty who has decided to emote. The latest graduate from the Bennett forces and faces is Hartine Burckett, who has been chosen by George D. Baker for an important role in "Stay Home," his latest production to be distributed by Metro.

Miss Burckett had two very good reasons for posing as a bathing beauty, but says she is tired of the froth and is now going in for the heavier sort of emotional work. If she can cry as good as she can look—Man, oh, man!

**NOW, SHUSH!**

Tote Du Crow isn't a Southern dialect description of carrying a raven, or anything like that. It's an honest-to-goodness name. It's hitched on to a chap we all know and love dearly only we don't know him under his own name. To all of us who like circuses Tote Du Crow is known as "Tote, the Clown." Now the secret's out.

It seems that Crow, who is now acting in pictures for R-C, was being introduced to a man who hates Volstead.

"Meet Mr. Crow," monotonized the introducer.

"Used to know yer father—Old Crow," muttered the wifely one. But Crow had fluttered away.

**A VETERAN.**

Miriam Battista, who has an appealing role in William Christy Cabanne's "At the Stage Door," has crowded a three-score-and-ten years' theatrical experience into her eight years of life.

At the ripe old age of three she appeared with Maude Adams. Then she played the role of a small boy with Nazimova in Ibsen's "A Doll's House." Following quickly were appearances with Henry Miller and Wilton Lackaye and then she led the famous children's sextette in the revival of "Flora and Ulysses" and was in the "Wild of New York" at the Winter Garden.

Like all veteran players, she has abandoned the spookies for the movies and—there you are.

**GOOD DESCRIPTION.**

It sounds impossible, but a man has been found who has never seen William Farnum, either in the flesh or on the screen. Howard Aston, a movie fan, was knocked a twister while discussing motion picture actors in general and Farnum in particular, when one of the party asked what Farnum looked like.

"Is he fat or lean?" asked the ignorant one.

"I'll tell you," advised Aston. "If Farnum was in it partly of living skeletons he'd be fat; but if he was dining in the Fat Men's Club he'd be lean."

"Oh," mused the man, "He must be 'bout middlin'."

**CUT BACKS.**

Sidney Franklin, now playing a Chinese in Sessue Hayakawa's "The Vermilion Pencil," is a graduate of the two (and sometimes more) a day. Jack Mower in R-C's "Silent Years," broke into theatricals as a sparring partner for Philadelphia Jack O'Brien in vaudeville. Mower denied up a thousand ring floors during the engagement.

Frank Kingsley, playing a leading role in Doris May's latest "Eden and Return," was born in Brooklyn. It didn't take, however, and now he's a first-rate actor man.

John S. Robertson and his company are in Spain shooting exteriors for "Spanish Jade." It being the open season, they have brought down a large number.

A general railroad strike in Italy has delayed the production of "A Man From Home."

"The Dust Flower," Basil King's latest for Goldwyn, is on location. Claire Windsor has been cast for the leading role in Peter B. Kyne's "Brothers Under the Skin."

Viola Dana has the leading role in Irvin S. Cobb's "35 Baby."

"Save the punch in pictures! Never mind the highbrow." Is the slogan adopted by Bayard Viller.

A matronize is used by Goldwyn directors for timing double exposures.

## About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

THE National Theatre, following the engagement of "Main Street" at the house, will become the home of a high class repertoire company which will present old successes and occasionally a new play. In other words, Broadway is to have a stock company. It will be George Nash, Charlotte Walker, Wilton Lackaye, Madlyn Arbuckle, Harry M. Hart, Edmond Lowe, Ignacio Martini and Carrie Radcliffe. Seats will sell for \$5 each at the most, and during the early part of each week top prices will be \$1.50. George Nash, who will direct the first play, said last night:

"The National Players, Inc., is distinctly a repertoire organization. The actors have agreed that, no matter what may be the success of a play, the bill will be changed every four weeks. If these artists wish to play to amuse the public and themselves, they can do it from a standpoint not available to a theatrical manager. However, the attitude of managers and playwrights has been most encouraging. Augustus Thomas has assured us we may have any of his plays at any time."

All right—let's have "Arizona."

**SPRING'S CHERISHMENT.**  
Martin J. Steinberg of No. 555 DuSable Road, Brooklyn, heard a bird singing recently and immediately thought of glorious spring began to muse each other about in his head. Being quite a poet, it was only natural that he wrote an ode to spring and, being as free to develop poets, he turned the finished product to Mr. Raud-

friends, and you'll get the correct dope on spring:

Oh, Spring, thou art a wonderful thing.

Happy is every one in Spring.

The children each and every one,

Play beneath the glowing sun,

The horses trot merrily along,

Keeping time to the children's song.

Why, even the birdsies on the tree-

top high

Dart here and there across the sky.

In Spring the old folks are happy and

gay

As they fondly watch their kiddies at

play.

That's why the dog in its merriment

Seems to relish more cherishment

For the good things God gave with

reason

In this wonderful, glorious Spring-

time season.

**NOVELTY GONE—COHAN.**

George M. Cohan says the illusion of the theatre has, to a great extent, been destroyed in America.

"The stage," said he last night, "is no longer the wonderland of make believe in this country. The strike of two years ago has made the actors mere mortals to the public. In London it is different. The Britishers still have a warm appreciation for the stage, while in America the glamour and novelty, to a certain de-

gree, has been worn off. The American people are too familiar with the inner workings of the stage."

**YOU'RE WELCOME, "CHIC!"**

Walter Winchell likes the idea of printing in his favorite column rhymes about vaudeville acts. He also likes to write such rhymes.

Look:

The kind of act that I like best.

(He always hits the nail).

Is B. F. Keith's star from the West.

Our rube friend, Charles (Chic) Sale.

**THE CONTEST.**

Notice—There was no drawing last night in the money contest. Big Face Hank was called to the bedside of a hooched friend and failed to return. He telephoned in, however, saying he was Queen of the May. Sorry!

**ANOTHER POSTPONEMENT.**

William A. Brady's meeting of theatrical interests to discuss conditions in the amusement world with a view to solving various problems that have created bad business was not held yesterday as scheduled. A second postponement was announced, with no date set. In the mean time, says Mr. Brady, various matters have been taken up by committees, who will report when the meeting is held.

**JOE HAD NONE.**

We understand Joe Leblang had numerous calls for cut-rate tickets to "The Sing Sing Follies," but wasn't able to get any.

## RHYMED PROPOSALS

Oh, George, of Jefferson, we have an address here for you and, George,

it is that of a lady who thought your rhyme just too cute for anything. If

you're interested, forget the old post-

man, lad, and don't forget to inclose

a return ticket.

Abe Silverman is to-day's applicant

for marital bliss. Abe's folks own a

restaurant, and he tells us that if we

find a bride for him we'll all meet at

the eat-shop and disarrange the rich

food. Hear his plea:

My name is Abe Silverman, of the

cast side,

I'm just twenty years and look for

a bride.

One not very fat and not very lean;

Don't mind if pretty, but must be

neat and clean.

I've searched all downtown for a

nice bride.

But I don't know—my kind seem to

hide.

So, ladies of Harlem, Bronx or out

of town,

If you are anxious why just step

around.

Yes, girls, I am working and earn

ing fine pay.

I've saved it all up for the lovely

big day.

When to the altar smiling, girls, I

will be led

With my sweet bride, there to be wed.

## GOSSIP.

Mary Lewis, prima donna, joins "The Midnight Frolic" to-night.

William Williams will be Santa

Claus at the Hippodrome this year.

Toddy Roberts has been appointed

Assistant Stage Manager for Ed

Wynn in "The Perfect Fool."

Arthur Hammerstein has engaged

Victor Morley for "The Blue Kitten,"

opening Dec. 26 in Atlantic City.

Smoking is now permitted at the

Winter Garden in the boxes and the

balcony.

A fashion revue, staged by Kay

Kendall, will be seen at the 44th

Street Theatre next week.

William Anthony McGuire, author

of "Six-Cylinder Love," has written a

playlet called "Wire Collect," for

Oliver and Opp.

Rosalind Fuller of "The Greenwich

Village Follies," has completed a

book on American folklore.

Maxine Brown, formerly of "The

Right Girl" and "Buddies," attended

the meeting of the Minor League

baseball magnates, with her mother.

Miss Brown was made an honorary

member of the Michigan-Ontario

League.

Countess Grace Leontovich of

Petrograd, will make her stage debut

in "The Chocolate Soldier" at the

Century Monday night. She will be

known professionally as Grace Leon.

The complete cast of "Lawful

Larceny," to be presented by A. H.

Woods, is made up of Margaret

Lawrence, Lowell Sherman, Alan

Pinoch, Felix Krembs, Elsie Mack-

aye, Forrest Robinson, Fraser Coul-

ter and Ida Waterman.

## DERIVED FROM IDOLATRY ARE NAMES OF DAYS.

In Olden Times Each God Was

Worshipped on Certain Day—

Ancient Deities Honored.

(From the Detroit News.)

The days of the week derive their names from ancient idolatry. In olden times each god was worshipped on a certain day. The sun became a deity because of the impression its glorious light and warmth made on man. Thus the day set aside to worship the sun came to be known as Sunday.

The second day of the week, Monday, also goes back to ancient heathen beliefs, for it was the day designated for

that nickname because he can't go to a funeral without laughing.

**FOOLISHMENT.**

A lad from Milwaukee named Scho-

ley.

When kicked by a cow, took it cool-

ly.

"Although she has horns,"

Said he, "which she horns."

Her kick makes me think she's a

muley."

**FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.**

Sheriff—Have you any request to

make before the trap is sprung?

Condemned Man—Yes, please don't

bury me next to the last fellow you

hung. He had the measles and they

say it's catching.

**A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.**

Wicker Peters of Wallville bears

any it's catching.

the worship of the moon. "Monday" comes from the old Anglo-Saxon word nonandæg; in turn a translation of the Latin lunae dies. The root of the word "luna" means "to shine," hence its application to the moon.

Tuesday was dedicated to the worship of war gods. It is in the ancient times was the god of war. The Anglo-Saxon name for Tuesday was "Tiwes daeg." The "ti" in "daeg" is soft, and the word sounds like "days"; hence its resemblance to the present name is more clear.

Wednesday was sacred to Odin or Woden, the supreme deity of the Scandinavians. He is identified with the Roman god Mercury and the Greek god Hermes. Odin was the god of wisdom, poetry and art, as well as the god of the dead and a god of agriculture. He was represented as a man with a staff and with a bird on his eye.

Thor, the Scandinavian god of thunder, the son of Odin, gave Thursday its name. Thor was described as a vigorous youth, with red hair and beard, who rode through the heavens in a goat-drawn chariot, armed with a hammer (the thunderbolt) that returned after being thrown.

Friday also derives its name from Odin's family. Friga, the goddess of marriage, was Odin's wife. Our word comes from "fridgegæd," meaning "love day," the goddess Friga, according to legend, presided over the domestic life and held dominion in heaven and over the abode of the dead.

To Saturn, the father of Jupiter, was dedicated the last day of the week, Saturday. Saturday was identified with the Greek god Cronus, and, like him, was fabled to have been king during an ancient golden age.

**TWO MISANCES.**

(From the New Haven Register.)

"Is there anything worse than to hear

a business man on the links eternally

talking shop?" an exchange asks. There

is, brother—to hear a business man in

the shop eternally talking golf.